ODE

ON THE

GLORIOUS VICTORY

Obtained by the

ALLIED ARMY in GERMANY,

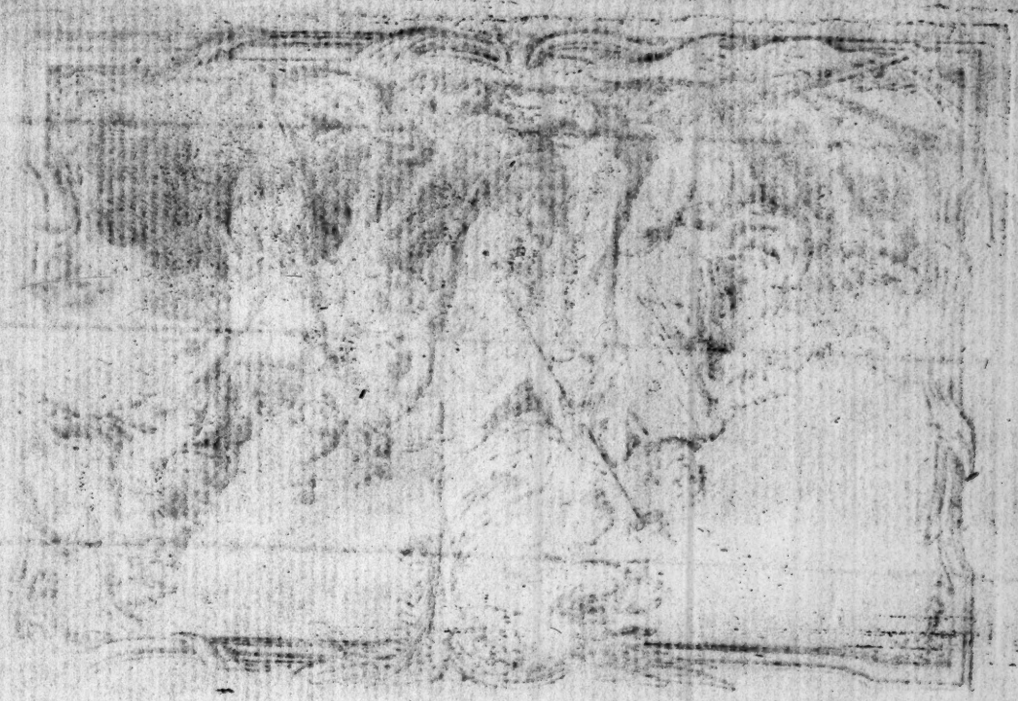
OVER THE

FRENCH,

In the PLAINS near MINDEN.

Conamur tenues grandia. HORAT.

[Price One Shilling.]



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Obtained by the

ALLIED ARMY in GERMANY,

Under the Command of HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

Prince FERDINAND of BRUNSWICK,

OVER THE

F R E N C H,

UNDER

MARSHAL CONTADES;

At THORNHAUSEN, near MINDEN,

On the First Day of AUGUST, 1759.

LONDON:

Printed for Messieurs DODSLEY in Pall-mall; R. BALDWIN in Pater-noster Row; and A. MORLEY in the Strand.

M DCC LIX.

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GLORIOUS VICTORY

Obtained by the

ALLIED ARMY IN GERMANY

Under the Command of His Serene Highness

Prince FERDINAND of BRUNSWICK,

OVER THE

FRENCH,

UNDER

MARSHAL CONTADES;

At THORNHAUSEN, near MINDEN,

On the 13th Day of August, 1759.

LONDON:

Printed for Mechan's Dispensary in Pall-mall, R. Baldwin at the Rose in Paternoster-Row;
and A. Morley in the Strand.

M DCC LIX.

O D E, &c.

I.

WHAT ſudden Tranſport fires my Breaſt,
And prompts a bold adventerous Song;
When humble Themes would ſuit me beſt,
Unknown, unheard of 'midſt the laurel'd Throng?

It is to ſee with rapterous Eye
A *Vulture* fly;
To ſee corroſive Care take Wing,
No more corrode, no more deſtroy
A glorious *Sovereign*'s Peace,
A God-like *Monarch*'s Heart-felt Eaſe!

O! for the Muſes ſacred Aid to ſing,
Whence the Streams of Tranſport ſpring;
Whence *George*'s royal, penſive Brow,
Late clouded with paternal Care, is now
Seren'd, ſuffus'd with Joy:
And ſee! thrice happy *Sire*, Your Joys impart,
A Ray of *Sun-ſhine* to each Subject's Heart!

II.

Sol had not yet aſcended his bright Car,
Nor had *Aurora* ting'd the Morn,
With opening Bluſhes, beauteous Dye!
When from the mighty *God of War*,
On joyful Embaſſy,
A *Herald* came.

With ever tuneful Lyres,
With Harps angelic Choirs,
Hymn, and proclaim her Goddeſs born;
Whoſe Shoulders golden Wings adorn;
Wreaths of immortal Flowers her Temples bind,
And her looſe ſnow-white Robes float graceful in the Wind.

As Light'ning now, adown
Th' Immenſity of Space ſhe flies,
Deſcends, where rapt in Thought fam'd *Brunſwic* lay,
Revolving in his Breaſt this fam'd-eventful Day;
And from her radiant *Form*, the Splendor of her *Eyes*,
And from her *Triple Crown*,
Glory her Name.
Hark! hark, the *Goddeſs* Silence breaks,
Angelic Symphonies ſoft Warble as ſhe ſpeaks.

III.

" All *hail*, bright Ornament of Glory's Field!
" Illuſtrious Hero *hail!*
" Lo! *He* who is thy Strength, and Shield,
" Whene'er proud Foes aſſail;
" The *God moſt high!*
" *The King of Kings!*
" *Ruler of ſublunary Things!*
" With all-pervading Eye,

" Sees if his friendly Countenance awhile
" He hides, and deign on yonder Camp to ſmile,
" How *Deſolation* dire o'erſpreads the Ground,
" And fell *Oppreſſion* ſtalks around.

" And ſhall the *King of Kings!*
" *Ruler of ſublunary Things!*
" See *Liberty oppreſs'd?*
" See *Innocence* diſtreſs'd?
" See, and not make *Oppreſſion* lour?
" Not circumſcribe it with *His* Power,
" And vanquiſh thy proud Foes?
" Sure the Decrees of Fate,
" So ſure, or ſoon or late,
" Kind *Heaven* in ſuch a Cauſe will interpoſe!

" Soon! ſoon fam'd *Prince*, enraptur'd thou ſhalt ſee,
" Thy choſen Bands, the Sons of Freedom join;
" In Magnanimity, in Valour ſhine,
" Worthy of Life, of *Liberty*, and *Me*."
This ſaid—the co-attendant Choirs loud *Pæans* ſing;
Then fan the yielding Skies with Heaven-aſpiring Wing.

IV.

FIR'D with the glorious Truth, the Mandate's given,
To Arms, the God-like *Hero* cries:
Swift as the feather'd Arrow thro' the Air,
Swift as the Winds of Heaven,
The joyful Mandate flies!

AND whilſt, *To Arms*, reverberate around,
Emulous th'Alarm to bear,
Methinks I ſee the Goddeſs ſpring,
See Fame on rapid Wing,
Fly through the Camp, and propagate the Sound.

NOW warm'd with martial Rage,
Ye Sons of Valour, drawn in deep Array,
Eager to view the opening Day,
More eager to engage;
Behold the Object of your warm Deſires,
Stately advance, and glow with ſemblant Fires.

SEE, from yon Mountain's Brow,
With fam'd Agility
Come forth——the Sun, the *World's great Eye*,
Early come forth, ambitious, proud to view
The Wonders of this glorious Morn,
Shine on your Arms, and your bright Acts adorn.

V.

THE Day appears and with it *Gallia*'s num'rous Hoſt!
To ſtrike the final, the deciſive Blow,
Elate they come: The proud vain-glorious Boaſt
Of certain *Victory*,
Equals their countleſs Numbers, not the *Foe*.

SEE, ye Sons of Valour ſee!
How proudly in the wanton Breeze,
Their waving Banners play;
In all the Pride of haughty *France*,
Fierce as the *Birds of Jove* they ſeem t'advance,
Alike rapacious and ſure to ſeize
Their weak devoted Prey!

NOT SO, THE FAM'D ALLIES.
No frantic Rage, no Boaſting here we find,
Here the cool *Sage*, is to the *Hero* join'd:
Collected and compos'd, they keep the Plain,
Though Indignation boils in every Vein,
And Thirſt of *Glory* lightens in their Eyes!

Now

VI.

Now! now the warlike Squadrons meet!
But ah, how vain the Hope,
How impotent the Aim,
In Numbers apt to paint the Heat,
And Tumult of the Fight! the ſwelling Numbers claim,
An *Addiſon* or *Pope*.

YET if on feeble Wing I muſt eſſay
To fly——*Eternal Fame!*
Who hovering in the Air,
Didſt ſhield with tutelary Care,
Britannia's Chiefs in Fight;
Aid me! O, aid me to convey,
To late Poſterity each deathleſs Name.

THE *Goddeſs* calls——and gladſome I obey.
I feel her now ſublime my Flight,
Whilſt on Imagination's Wing I ſoar,
Amidſt the dire Alarms!
Amidſt the Din of Arms!
And 'midſt the Cannons loud, tumultous Roar!

Now furious, each the diſtant Fight maintain,
Gods! how the Cannons thunder o'er the Plain!
Whilſt from afar,
The *Thunderbolt of War*,
Vindictive flies!
With dreadful Sweep deſtroys!
And with the loud, tempeſtuous Noiſe,
Rends the low *Earth!* and *Air!* and *vaulted Skies!*

VII.

But ſee, th' embattled Squadrons cloſer join!
Each forms the well-cloſ'd long-extended Line.
On to th'Attack they furious come.
And hark! the loud and ſonorous Drum
And Trumpets ſhrill,
Reſound the *Charge*.
Now, Shouts of Warriors fill
The warlike Plain——the echoing Hills around,
Return the joyful Sound!

Loud Acclamations pierce the Sky ;
And wing'd with Death the Balls impetuous fly !
The Clarions ſhrill, and Drums in Concert join'd,
Swell their rough Notes for various Uſe deſign'd.

Here, in Heart-rending plaintive Moans
Heroes reluctant yield their Breath ;
But *Heroes* dying Groans,
The Clarions ſhrill and hollow Drums confound,
And bury in their deeper Voice.

There, by the lively animating Sound,
'Midſt dreadful Dangers, Wounds, and Death,
The charging *Troops* rejoice !

But who can now the charging Troops deſcry ?
When envious Clouds of Smoke,
The *Warrior-Chiefs* enwrap on *Minden's* Plains ;
As if fam'd *Etna* had it's Priſon broke,
And from its gorgeous Mouth evolv'd
Sulphureous Flames.

See ! how it mocks the Sun's pervading Eye,
And intercepts his friendly Rays of Light:

Hark ! hark, beneath the pitchy Veil the *Heroes* fight,
And ardent make me wiſh the envious Cloud diſſolv'd.

VIII.

THUS the untutor'd *Indians* who pay,
Their well-meant Adoration to the *God of Day*;
Whene'er an Orb impervious, hides his blazon'd Ray:

Whene'er pale *Cynthia*, ſilver Queen!
All-gentle, beauteous, kind;
Whoſe mild-effuſive, borrow'd Light,
Grateful diſpels the Gloom of Night,
Conſcious that of herſelf opaque, and blind,
Involuntary ſteps the *Sun* and *Earth* between;

In agonizing Woe their abſent God they mourn,
And raptur'd, of his *glorious Blaze*, they view the bright Return.

IX.

WHAT *ſee I Muſe?* Aſtoniſhment profound!
In wreathy Curls the Smoke flies off the Ground,
And to my View preſents a glorious Sight.
Glorious our *Heroes* march, their March alarms
The *Gallic* Hoſt: And ſee, the Glory bright
Of *Britiſh* Chiefs
Shines on the Soldiers burniſh'd Arms!

To face a much ſuperior Foe,
With Joy they graſp their Arms, with dauntleſs Hearts they g
But let not this my raptur'd Soul ſurprize ——
They catch *their* Fire, from their Leader's Eyes.

SEE the proud *Gauls* aſtoniſh'd and diſmay'd!
Enough of *Britiſh* Valour, they're afraid;
But lo, the Troops of *Hanover* and *Heſſe*
Cloſe in! Dear theſe will yield their lateſt Breath;
And to Revenge, Redreſs,
Their Countries Woes, no Wounds will feel,
But bravely face the flaming Steel,
And even ſmile on Death!

And now, like *Homer*'s *Jove*, they've Thunder in each Arm!
The Thunder of the Plains awhile is o'er,
Yet more than *miſſionary Deaths* alarm;
Arms claſh on Arms, tho' Cannons ceaſe to roar!

But *ſtop my Muſe*——Couldſt thou recal, renew,
Unfold to fir'd Imagination's View,
The glorious Acts which through the Field are wrought,
Yet Words would fail to cloath the raptur'd Thought;
Better ſome ſignal, private Acts rehearſe,
Which well deſerve the tributary Verſe.

X.

By innate Valour, and Example fir'd,
See from afar
Another Column move!
Fierce are their Looks, heroic their Deſigns,
And anxious each himſelf t' approve,
Worthy the *Chief*: And who's the *Chief* admir'd,
Who nor regards the Storm,
Or Tempeſt of the War,
But at their Head all-glorious ſhines?
On *Expectation*'s Wing he ſeems to fly,
Death in his Arm, and Lightning in his Eye!
Humble, 'tis true, he *treads* the warlike Plain,
Yet humbled can his Dignity maintain;
Or 'tis an *Angel*, or bright *Waldgrave*'s Form.

Waldgrave in mid Career of Glory ſtopt,
When twice the warlike Steed beneath him dropt;
Though more his ample Retinue afford,
Diſmounted twice, waits not to mount a third,
But boldly marches on: Fir'd with the Sight,
His Troops as bold advance,
And with their well-pois'd, executive Lance,
Rout the proud Cavalry. Hills are oppos'd in vain.

Not Death's dread Aſpect can their Steps detain;

See how they bound o'er Heaps of Slain,
With dreadful Carnage mark their devious Way,
And ſtrike the flying Horſe with *Terror* and *Diſmay!*

Who would not Death and greateſt Dangers ſlight,
When ſuch a *Leader* animates the *Fight?*

XI.

And ſuch fam'd *Kingſley!* But ah, how hard a Fate,
Sometimes the beſt of *Heroes* wait!
Kingſley's no more!
See! where beneath his foaming Steed
All bath'd in Gore,
He bury'd lies!
The hoſtile Plain his Bier!

Or Ties of Friendſhip, Gratitude, or Love,
Muſt Heart-enobling Pity move,
And prompt the gen'rous Tear!

In Danger firſt, and firſt in high Renown,
Mid the thick Foe he preſs'd with onward Speed;
'Twas this his Fame, if not his Life preſerv'd,
And thus of Fortune, fickle Dame! deſerv'd,
Her higheſt Favours, not ſevereſt Frown.

But ceaſe my Plaints——great *Kingſley* is not dead!
Or why that Sword ſuſpended o'er his Head?
An Officer, he faintly cries,
Angels the Sound convey'd;
And glorious *Kingſley* Priſoner is made.
But ſhort the Date——
His Troops behold it—Their Hearts with Rage dilate
A gen'rous Band ruſh in to his Relief,
Ruſh in impetuous, and bring off their *Chief*.

VIII.

So, when illuſtrious *Marlborough* reign'd,
The Pride of *Britain*, and the Dread of *France*;
His Soul intrepid, Death nor Danger fear'd,
And foremoſt in the Field he oft appear'd:

The *Gauls* on fam'd *Ramillia*'s Plain
Hop'd they'd with Eaſe the *Britiſh* Force controul,
Could they deprive it of its *Life and Soul*:
For this the braveſt of their Troops advance,
On to ſecure him rapid go.
But vain the Plot! Their Expectations vain!
A few ſelect, fierce *Britiſh* Troops are nigh;
And Eagle-wing'd they to his Succour fly,
And hurl Deſtruction on th'aſpiring Foe.

XIII.

In joyful Plaudits, hark!——the Plains reſound,
And with reſiſtleſs Force the Muſe recal:
But ſee! the *Gens d'Armes* Troops, the Flow'r of *France*,
And all their choſen Bands, once more advance:
Dreadful their Looks, their Courſers dreadful moſt——
Forth from their Noſtrils Flames! they foam! they tear!

O *Germany!* alas the Day is loſt!
Is't poſſible for *Foot* the Shock to bear?

But ſee! *ye Angels* ſee! Let *Angels* deign to view
How well each *Britiſh*, *Heſſe*, each *Hanoverian* Form,
Unmov'd, like ſtately Tow'rs repels the dreadful Storm;
And lo! erect and fierce the Charge renew,
Fierce as the Type of fam'd *Britannia*'s Land!

Aghaſt the *Gens d'Armes* ſtand!
While Heaps of mangled ſlain,
Enſanguin o'er the ſpacious Plain,
And *Death* ſtalks horrible around!

The *Thunder* of this Arm! The *Lightning* of that Eye!
Who can withſtand?——No *Gallic* Hoſt.

See, wing'd with Horror how they fly!
Gen'ral the *Rout*, yet ſtruck with dread Diſmay,
Sill Death purſues where'er they wing their Way.

There, wretched flying *Gauls*, who Life attempt to ſave,
Find in their Flight, a deep, capacious Grave:
Grim *Death* who guided late the Warrior's Spears,
Now dreadful on the *Weſer*'s Banks appears;
Sees the ſwoln *Weſer* dy'd with *Gallic* Blood,
And rolls 'em headlong down the *ſwelling Flood.*

XIV.

With Looks of Tranſport, Joy-bright Eyes,
HERE, the victorious Troops their Leader *hail.*

" *Hail*, glorious *Prince*" ! each Hero cries,
" Your God-like Conduct has the Conqueſt given
" And all muſt *Ferdinand*, fam'd *Prince* adore!'

With Dignity ineffable the *Prince* replies,
" *No more*, my Friends! no more!
" Long live your glorious Acts! for ever live!"
And generous thus returns the Praiſe they give.

" You *, for the Victory next to Heaven

" I

---

* The Author, from a thorough Senſe of the imperfect Execution of ſo maſterly a Subject, and to do *real* Honour to the Troops and the reſpective Gentlemen who ſignalized themſelves moſt on this happy Occaſion; begs Leave to ſubjoin the following Extract from Prince *Ferdinand*'s Orders given the Day after this memorable Battle.

" His Serene Highneſs orders his greateſt Thanks to be given to the whole Army " for their Bravery and good Behaviour Yeſterday, particularly to the *Britiſh* In- " fantry, and the two Battalions of *Hanoverian* Guards, to all the Cavalry of the " Left Wing, and to General *Wagenheim*'s Corps, particularly the Regiment of " *Holſtein*, the *Heſſian* Cavalry, the *Hanoverian* Regiment *du Corps* and *Hamerſtin*'s; " the ſame to all the Brigades of heavy Artillery. His Serene Highneſs declares " publickly, that next to God he attributes the Glory of the Day to the Intrepidity " and

" I laud——Who vigorouſly maintain'd the Fight,
" Who ſhone in *Glory*'s Field divinely bright;
" And by your Actions, Valour and Renown
" Affix'd new LAURELS to the BRITISH CROWN."

" and extraordinary good Behaviour of theſe Troops, which he aſſures them he ſha
" retain the ſtrongeſt Senſe of as long as he lives; and if ever upon any Occaſion
" ſhall be able to ſerve theſe brave Troops, or any one of them in particular, it w
" give him the utmoſt Pleaſure. His Serene Highneſs orders his particular Than
" to be likewiſe given to General *Sporcken*, the Duke of *Holſtein*, Lieutenant Genera
" *Imhoff* and *Urff*. His Serene Highneſs is extremely obliged to the Count *de Buck*
" *burg* for all his Care and Trouble in the Management of the Artillery, which w
" ſerved with great Effect; likewiſe to the commanding Officers of the ſeveral Br
" gades of Artillery, viz. Col. *Browne*, Lieutenant Colonel *Hutte*, Major *Haſſe*, an
" the three *Engliſh* Captains, *Phillips*, *Drummond* and *Foy*. His Serene Highne
" thinks himſelf infinitely obliged to Major Generals *Waldgrave* and *Kingſley*, for the
" great Courage and good Order in which they conducted their Brigades. His S
" rene Highneſs further orders it to be declared to Lieutenant General the Marqu
" of *Granby*, that he is perſuaded, that if he had had the good Fortune to have ha
" him at the Head of the Cavalry of the Right Wing, his Preſence would have grea
" ly contributed to make the Deciſion of that Day more brilliant. In ſhort, h
" Serene Higheſs orders, that thoſe of his Suit, whoſe Behaviour he moſt admire
" be named, as the Duke of *Richmond*, Col. *Fitzroy*, Capt. *Ligonier*, Col. *Watſo*
" Aid de Camp to Major General *Waldgrave*, Adjutant Generals *Erſtoff*, *Bulo*
" *Derendolle*, the Count *Tobe* and *Mallerti*; his Serene Highneſs having much Reaſo
" to be ſatisfied with their Conduct."

FINIS.

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